

Jeff,

CP is easily one of the most brilliant people I've ever met, starting with my dad. CP is half-Irish and half-Jewish, and he says when he meets people he will often tell them that he's Irish because he despises England's barbaric role in history. Yet he is curiously "English" and English in an eccentric fashion. He will usually dress in a suit, and with his wispy goatee and long, steel, gray hair (in the back anyway) he has a way of standing out in a crowd.

CP (Christopher Paul) loves his native city, Manchester, but not necessarily in a civic pride sort of way. He knows its history backwards and forwards and when I visited him, every day, he would take me to a different section of the city and we'd walk around and he would provide the entire history back to the Romans. CP doesn't drive, and loves to walk (and walk fast) and each day he rides the bus always riding on the top deck to work.

He lives with his wife Pam (and her son Nick) in a tiny rowhouse in one of the student sections of Manchester. His house is filled with large photos and posters of Bob, some of the photos very rare. He has a massive CD and tape collection, a large video collection and tons and tons of books. He is knowledgeable about a wealth of subjects and his knowledge of music goes way beyond rock and roll and its related forms. Dylan of course is a God (and CP deals in Gods), but he also is a huge fan of Captain Beefheart and Brian Wilson. But perhaps his greatest hero of all is Lord Buckley. In fact, he does one-man Lord Buckley shows, can imitate him to a tee.

He has always been involved in rock and roll and once was in a somewhat legendary punk band (that was really anti-punk) Trios Y Los Albertos Paranois that had their own TV show and whose members once included Nick Lowe. It was theatrical rock and CP has also been involved in theater. In fact he *turned down* a job singing with Frank Zappa to be involved in some Canadian theater group instead.

He is hip in the true original meaning of the word, and figuring from our correspondence that you're somewhere around my age, I'm pretty sure you know what that means. He speaks in a variety of voices and you never know which one is going to emerge from his mouth. He told me his mother used to call him a voice dancer and that is an accurate description. He can be extremely British one minute, a Southern cracker the next and a NYC mobster after that. He is wickedly funny.

He loves to drink! My stay with him included several pub stops a day! My first full day in England, I went to work with him, sort of so I could surf the net for free, since the phones in England are quite expensive. He is a professor of film and media at the University of Salford (Salford is a town next to Manchester), hence the Dr. in his name. We got to his office around nine a.m., which is somewhat later than he usually gets there, but he was accommodating me and my hippie musician hours. :-). When he got to work the first thing he did (after getting coffee) was check both RMD and the Highway 61 mailing list. Cracked me up. Then he kind of putzed around his office for a few hours. The day I was there a new Clinton Heylin book arrived from his publisher, so he spent a lot of time going over that. Every once in a

while a student would stop by to ask him a question. At exactly noon, he said, "Let's go," and we went to the King's Arms a local pub (I believe I sent you a tape of me playing there). We were soon joined by several friends (most of whom it turned out were in his band) and then proceeded to get completely sloshed. At noon! After 90 minutes of that we went into Manchester and walked around. He showed me the Dylan statue in the Royal Exchange, things I needed like the American Express office, always giving me the history of every place we passed, and then we went to lunch which of course meant more drinks. Then we walked around some more, took the bus back to his house, and stopped at the neighborhood pub on the way. Then after a massive dinner that he cooked (he loves to cook, and it's never English food, he made me a Mexican dinner, a New Orleans dinner) we went out to yet another pub. The pubs close at 11, and then we'd go back to his house where he'd pour brandy and light up a couple of joints :-).

The second day I went to work with him was pretty much like the first and as we left I asked him, "Do you ever teach?" He gave me a look of outrage that was comical and then said, "I've worked all my life to achieve this position." :-)

I think he's tried all kinds of drugs (especially in his rock and roll days) and has practiced Zen and possibly some other Eastern religions.

I first met him when out of the blue I received an email saying he wanted to visit me. Alan Fraser told me a little about him, and perhaps hipped him to me, but I really didn't know who he was. But I figured, someone from England wants to visit me, cool! :-). As luck would have it, he came on a day when I actually had a gig, and not just a bar gig, a gig at a real club opening for Eric Andersen. I picked him and Pam up at the train and took him to my house having no idea what would happen. He suggested we get some beer which we did, went back to my house and he immediately pulled out a joint. So we spent the afternoon watching Dylan videos he had never seen such as the first Letterman appearance, went out to eat and went to my show. But I had no idea who he really was from that one day. But after more than a week of living with him in Manchester, I pretty much found out. And it wasn't just friend by the time I left, it was like brother. I don't think I ever met anyone whose tastes not only in music, but film and books and poetry as well as politics and attitudes towards life were so in line with my own. It was amazing to say the least.

So, my friend, I hope this told you a bit more about who Mr. Lee is.

--Peter